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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1805.

NOVELIST.

THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

A TALE.

IN one of those ages when despotism was the engine of resentment, of passion, of civil fury and political rage, Alphonso, the son of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, lived. This young prince was distinguished not more by the robust valor of the times, than by the gentle and generous qualities of the heart, which are thought to belong more properly to modern manners. The son of a cruel and ruthless tyrant, he was mild, humane and forbearing; the flattery of courtiers was heard by him with indifference, and to the fawning of sycophants he was ever averse. He led a retired life even in the bustle of a court, and devoted his life to love and the muses. The object of his passion was the daughter of his father's treasurer, Orlando—her name Isabella—a virgin universally admired for her extreme beauty, and the lovely qualities of her mind. She was not insensible to the passion of Alphonso, but whether from dread of Ferdinand, who she was convinced had too much pride to allow his son to marry the daughter of one whom he had raised from obscurity—or whether Orlando had forbid her interviews with the young prince, she avoided meeting with him, who could but venerate her prudence while he lamented the unhappy cause.

Ferdinand about this time sent for his son, and informed him of a match he had prepared for him, and which he had ordered him instantly to accept, forbidding him on pain of displeasure to offer any argument against it. Alphonso was not more alarmed at this information, than astonished at the injunction which accompained it. Surely (thought he) my father suspects my passion for Isabella, else why imagine I was about to refuse his offer. Ferdinand, however, most absolute in all his commands, immediately gave orders to prepare the solemnities usual on the marriage of the king's son. Alphonso had no alternative—he flew to Isabella—and by stealth got into her apartment, notwithstanding every precaution her father had used to prevent their meeting Fatal was the interview! he was discovered entering Isabella's apartment, and betrayed to his father by a domestic. Ferdinand, enraged beyond description, sent for Orlando and reproached him for encouraging an illicit connection between his son and Isabella, ordered him instantly to be beheaded; the cruel sentence was no sooner executed than the king sent some trusty servant to seize Isabella and remove her to a secret place of confinement on the borders of his dominions, and commanded her to be treated with every possible severity, and that every precaution should be taken to prevent her escape. The minions of tyrants are frequently sacrifices to their own treachery, when those servants returned to inform him that his orders were obeyed, he put every one of them to death, lest they might betray the secret of Isabella's imprisonment.

Mean time Alphonso, in the height of his despair, a thousand times meditated his own destruction; but fortitude and resignation suggesting to him that he ought to live to redress the wrongs of Isabella, he became inspired with the romantic hope: and that he might no longer be subject to his father's tyranny, suddenly disappeared on the very morning appointed for his *detested* nuptials, as he now more than ever accounted them. Messengers were sent into every part of the kingdom to seek for him, but in vain. Ferdinand's fury became so great as to end in madness, a disorder rendered still stronger by the recollection of his many cruelties and murders; and in a few days he died, calling upon his son to come and forgive him. The news of his death soon spread over the kingdom; and Alphonso, who had hid himself at no great distance from the city, returned and was proclaimed king; the first of his power was to dismiss those men who had been the agents of his father's tyranny, and redress the grievances of those subjects who had suffered by their oppression. His virtues had long been the theme of popular applause, and the whole kingdom re-echoed, *Long live Alphonso!*

To Alphonso, however, these proofs of loyalty afforded little relief. The remembrance of Isabella's wrong, nothing could efface. His imagination represented her as in misery and distress, and his dreams were filled with horrible apparitions of her sorrows. Every means he had hitherto used to find out the place of her confinement, were in vain. Such precautions were taken by Ferdinand, that this might forever have remained a secret had not accident discovered it.

To divert Alphonso's mind, the griefs of which had a visible effect on his person, his courtiers recommended him to visit his kingdom throughout. Alphonso, indifferent whether to live or die, careless of himself and dead to pleasure, agreed, however, to their proposal. One day when he was riding near the frontiers of his kingdom with only one attendant, he missed his way, and in endeavoring to recover it, had to go through a wood; the evening approached, and he had no hopes of being able to join the body of his guards at the village where he had left them. In this dilemma, he came up to an old tower, the greater part of which was in ruins; the only habitable part was a

prison, but apparently in decay. Alighting from his horse he entered the horrible place, and ordered his attendant to tell the person in the prison, that he was a benighted traveller, and begged shelter until morning. The keeper received him courteously, and even satisfied his curiosity as to the nature of the place, and, ignorant of the death of the late king, informed him that it was a state prison, where criminals that had rendered themselves obnoxious to the king, were confined for life, but that at present there was only one lady in it. At the word lady, Alphonso started, and in the wildest manner begged to know her name and crime. Of that the innkeeper told him he was perfectly ignorant; the persons who brought her never having informed him, nor returned themselves; but that his orders were, she should be kept in chains, and every possibility of escape provided against. Alphonso could contain no longer. He begged, protested & assured the keeper that if he would but permit him to see her, the secret should never be divulged to his prejudice. The keeper hesitated for some time, but at length prevailed on by the tears and intreaties of the handsome stranger, in whose looks he thought he discovered something noble and generous, he conducted him to the cell, where sat a female chained down to the ground, her lovely countenance settled to a deep melancholy—but gracious heaven, what were her transports and those of Alphonso, when they recognized each other——IT WAS ISABELLA!

BIOGRAPHY.

MADEMOISELLE DE SALIGNAC.

THIS gentlewoman was of a good family in France, and lost her sight when only two years old, her mother having been advised to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes, to preserve them in the small-pox; whereas, so far from answering the end, it eat into them; nature, however, may be said to have compensated for that unhappy mistake, by beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of conception, and many talents which certainly much alleviated her misfortune.

She could play at cards with the same readiness as others of the party; she first prepared the pack allotted to her by pricking them in several parts, yet so imperceptibly that the closest inspection could scarcely discern her indexes. She could sort the suits, and arrange the cards in their proper sequence with the same precision, and nearly the same facility, as those who had their sight. All she required of those who played with her, was to name every card as it was played; and these she retained so exactly, that she frequently performed some notable strokes, such as shewed a great combination and strong memory.

The most wonderful circumstance is that she should have learned to read and write: but even this is readily believed on knowing her method. In writing to her, no ink was used, but the letters were pricked down on the paper; and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she could follow them successively, and read every word with her finger ends. She herself, in writing, made use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry, her guide on the paper was a small thin ruler, and the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she would wet it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil that they were not obscured or effaced; then she proceeded to fold and seal it, and write the direction; all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing was very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigueable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards or pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then by the remembrance of the shade of the letter to delineate them on paper; and, lastly, to arrange them so as to form words and sentences.

She learned to play on the guitar, and even contrived a way of pricking down her tunes as an assistance to her memory. So delicate were her organs that, in singing a tune, though new to her, she was able to name the notes.

In figure dances she acquitted herself extremery well, and in a minuet, with inimitable ease and gracefulness. At the works of her sex, she had a masterly hand; she could sew and hem perfectly well; and in all her works she threaded the needle for herself, however small.

By her watch, her touch never failed telling her exactly the hour and minute.

MISCELLANY.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

I HATE the man who would raise his name on the ruins of another's reputation. Like him, prudes, while destroying characters, imagine they are establishing their own;—inspired with the same pride, *belles* and poets decry all their rivals.——Whoever would extol the features and eyes of Lesbia, must paint her sister a plain and clumsy girl; for flattery is sure to please, when accompained with censure, or some other nymph.

In the freshness of the opening spring a poet visited a garden covered with the dew of May. In every part of it an embalmed air breathed around him; every plant expelled the homage of its own incense——The Poet gathers a Rose-contemplates it—admires it—and thus addresses it, in the language which his Muse inspires:

"Rose, go and adorn the bosom of my Chlœ! happy! could I there enkindle an inextinguishable flame, and, like a Phœnix, under the eyes of Chlœ, and on a bed of perfumes, burn and die!

"Know, sad flower, that you will there find roses more fragrant than yourself! I see you already bowing your head,—withering with envy and dispair!——Doomed to the same fate we die!—you with envy, I for love!"

"A truce—a truce with comparisons," replied a Rose from a neighboring tree. "We disturb your quiet less than that of any other.—What could poets do without us?—The rose flourishes in all your amorous songs; we enrich them with our colours and our odours. When you depress us to exalt your Chlœ, how do you add to her charms?—Must we, to flatter her, grow pale and wither with envy, fade and die?"

OBSERVATIONS AND HINTS.

AN elegant young woman, long accustomed to a train of coxcombs, will expect similar attentions from her husband, and feel her mind mortified when she finds herself treated as a mere wo-

man. From the frivolity of her mind, she is not possessed of that modest dignity so essential to command the esteem of her partner—hence bickerings jealousies, and often mutual infidelity, terminated by separation.

Good sense is as much superior to the levity of wit, as the light of the sun is to the momentary glare of a meteor; and an accomplished female mind is infinitely more estimable in the eyes of reflecting men than those exhibitions of feminine charms obtruded on our fancy by fashion. Such beautiful creatures as glide along the streets, decorated in showy apparel, may amuse the passenger; but would he wish to see his wife in the loose attire of a woman of the town;—then let us discountenance this violation of public decency, endeavor to persuade the fair sex, that modesty and purity of manners are true ornaments that render their beauty at once, amiable and estimable.

TO THE EDITORS.

I DO not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as, without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who *never won fair lady:* for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest. One of my *Dulcineas* was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavors to keep close at her side; but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthermost corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept asunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indelicate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the borough to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my presence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant,
TIMOTHY MILDMAN.

AMUSING.

TO THE EDITORS.

THE following sentences were put to paper by a set of saucy *fair-ones*, in the presence of their husbands, whom, forsooth, they accuse of having adopted, since their marriage, a phraseology different from that which they used when *Lovers*. If you think this female production not altogether unworthy of a place in your paper, your inserting it will oblige several of your constant readers, and particularly BENEDICT.

The Lover—"You do every thing well, Madam."

The Husband—"My dear, you don't seem to me to know how to do any thing."

The Lover—"How well you look today—indeed you are charming in any dress."

The Husband—"How frightful you are—I wish you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly."

The Lover—"That's a pretty cap—how elegant is your taste."

The Husband—"That hideous flat! my dear, you never will learn to dress yourself."

The Lover—"What pretty sentiments—how well you express yourself on every subject."

The Husband—"You know not how to talk on any subject as you ought to do—therefore pray hold your tongue."

The Lover—"Let me know your opinion, my dear Madam—it shall ever guide me."

The Husband—"What does it signify, my dear, what you say on the subject—I never consult women."

The Lover—"How neatly you carve that fowl—It is a pleasure to see you."

The Husband—"How awkard you are—the meat grows cold before you can cut it up; and after all, it is done in such a manner that I cannot eat it."

The Lover—"I am so concerned to see you indisposed—can I offer nothing that will be of service to you Madam."

The Husband—"It is all your own fault, my dear, that you have got this cold—you never take care of yourself."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications are received, and shall be attended to next week.

POETRY.

[Some of Robert Burns's productions, especially those of the grave style, are almost English. From one of those we shall present our readers with an extract, in which we think they will discover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem entitled the VISION, in which the Genius of his native country, *Ayrshire*, is thus supposed to address him:]

WITH future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carrolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep-green mantled earth,
Warm-cherished every flowret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling-rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

FRETFUL TEMPER.

SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch;
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain;
Your elevated voice goes through the brain:
You fall at once into a lower key;
That's worse:—the drone pipe of an humble Bee!
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain:—now its night;
He shakes with cold;—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze:—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish,
He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe;
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown;
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
You hope to please him, vain in every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress;
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teazing others, always teaz'd,
His only pleasure is to be displeas'd.

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

SOME go to Church just for a walk;
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there their time to spend;
Some go there to dose and nod;
But few go there to worship GOD.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

IN your HIVE of the 1st of this month, there appeared, from Mr. Robert Adrain of York-Town, solutions to the 2d and 3d questions that were proposed in your paper of the 27th of March last. Mr. Adrain can, no doubt, give a solution to the first problem also: he is perfectly right in saying there can be a solution given to it containing answers at pleasure. I have fully answered it many years ago, in a variety of ways, by the common laws of arithmetic, and by the same I have answered all the conditions of the 3d question also. However, let the 1st be solved or not, I am quite easy about it. I had lived in Dublin formerly, and there, in the year 1787, I got the 2d and 3d from a Mr. Christopher Cox, who was generally considered as a stupendous luminary of mathematical knowledge; and, in the year 1794, I gave the 3d, with its operation in full to John Dea, of Cumberland county, who proposed it in the Oracle of Dauphin May 16th, 1803: But until now, I never knew there was a solution given to it. As to the little work called "The Mathematical Correspondent," published every three months in New-York, I have never before heard any thing about it; I am, however, under peculiar obligations to Mr. Adrain for the information.

Without the smallest intention to give the least offence to any person whatever, I shall once more propose three problems for the amusement of the Curious.

I.

A. lends B. £.100 at 6 per cent per annum, on condition of having both principle and interest discharged at the end of 6 years, by yearly payments, of which the preceeding payment, is always to be treble the subsequent. It is required to know how much interest A. received from B. for the use of his money during the 6 years?

II.

The discounting of a Bill, which, at a certain rate per cent per annum, came to £.5 12*s*, would at 1 per cent more, have cost £.6 6*s*, and at 1 per cent less, no more than £.4 18*s*. The value of the Bill, time when due, and rate of interest is required?

III.

A young Merchant in Baltimore, one day meeting with an old country squire near Lancaster (but a Philomath) demanded what portion he intended to give each of his 3 daughters; the old Philomath replied, as often as I give 1, 4, 10, 20, 35, &c. to the youngest, I intend to give 1, 9, 25, 49, 81, &c. to the second, and 1, 27, 125, 343, 729. &c. to the eldest, by which means her portion will be £.4088 more than the other two put together.

The young spark went off in despair of knowing their fortunes; So I hope some kind Philomath will give a rule, by which he may find out each of the young ladies fortunes. *J. Gibbons.*

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

We hear from Middleborough, that the wife of the Rev. David Girney, being in the 48th year of her age, was delivered of her first child (a daughter) on the 12th of March last.—after living in a married state more than seventeen years.

PROLIFIC COW.

We learn from Acton, that a Cow, belonging to Mr. Abraham Hapgood, has, within the last fifteen months, brought him *five* proper Calves, at two births, which are now alive and well; she had twins once before, about five years since.

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